



Long hending o'er her sleeping son,
With prayers and tears she stood;
And then the tyrant's rage to shun,
She launch'd him in the flood.

3

Forlorn, in ark of bulrush left,
Misfortunes' meekest child,
Of evry human hope bereft,
Moan'd to the waters wild.

4

A guide unseen, along the strand,
The Egyptian princess led:
The babe held out its little hand,
And tears resistless shed.

5

Soft pity touch'd her royal breast;
She drew him from the wave:
Lord, he thy Providence confest
Which thus from death can save.